

Our Cincinnati friends
our thanks for
Old School

Northampton Water-Cure--Paine's Hydro-Electric Light.

WORCESTER, May 23d, 1850.

DEAR OLIVER: I omitted to write from New York, as others fulfilled that task. Since then I have been spending a few days at the Water-Cure Establishment at Northampton, Mass., and have made the acquaintance of Dr. Charles Maudie, the successor to Dr. Ruggles, with whom I spent six or seven months last year with imminent benefit to myself. I should be glad to see those out of health availing themselves of his skill and experience; and that they may do so, I forward you an insertion in the Bugle. Particulars in regard to the rules, regulations, &c., may be obtained of me upon my return to Ohio.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of an introduction to Henry M. Paine, whose invention for the decomposition of water and rendering one of the gases available for light and warmth, is exciting so much interest among the scientific of all communities. I had the gratifying privilege of examining his apparatus, and last night of witnessing it in full operation at his dwelling, which is warmed and lighted by this means. My expectations, high as they were, were not disappointed. Mr. Paine exclaims, "Eureka! Eureka!" and that which he has found I have seen and am satisfied with.

I have no doubt that this will make a greater revolution in the affairs of mankind than any other discovery or invention ever given to the world, unless it is perhaps the art of printing. I could name but few of the interests to be affected by it. Some will suffer. Humanity will be the gainer. The wealth invested in coal mines will vanish into thin air; wood as fuel will, as a general thing, go into disuse; gas-light companies will be broken up; the whistles will laugh, and the manufacture of land oil for lights will be abandoned; the air can be navigated in all directions that currents of wind may be found to wait us; steam-ships, large or small, may make voyages of any length, with no fuel but water; locomotives will speed over plank roads; railroads will be traversed at much less expense; new steam engines for manufacturing purposes will displace the old ones, and to a great extent supersede the use of water-power; cities may be made as light at night as by the mid-day sun. But I hear you and the readers of the Bugle say, "hold! enough;" and I echo back the cry for the present.

Truly, SAM'L BROOKE.

Reform Meeting at West.

FRIEND JOHN: At the close of Friends' meeting at West yesterday, (First day,) John Garrison informed the audience that we expected to hold a public meeting in the afternoon, and wished the house left open. Robert Linton rose immediately and said, that such a request had never yet been granted, and could not be now. Others of the conservative party followed him, contending that we (the Reformers) had no right to use the house. The friends of freedom, however, did not yield their claim, and the meeting broke up. John Mather having the key, went on to lock, bar and bolt the doors. Some of the Reformers remained in the house, and told him if he locked the doors he must fasten them in. He said it was his business to lock the house, and so three persons besides myself were locked up. The conservatives lurked around the house, waiting for us to come out, that they might have a second opportunity to fasten the house when the reformers should all be outside. They were disappointed, however, and after a while strolled off. At the proper time we unlocked the doors, and the meeting was held according to appointment. Truman Case of Randolph, and our colored friend—Gurley attended with us. Truman delivered an excellent address on the Church question and the popular Theology. I wish it could have been reported. I think it would compare well with the best of the sermons preached by our ancient Friends. The heart that could remain untouched by the appeals of the colored friend must be hard indeed, and formed of the same materials with that of the slaveholders. Truly thine,

ELIZA T. REACOCK.

Abolition of the Army and Navy--Sentiments of J. B. Giddings.

We are permitted to publish the following letter, received by us some time since from J. B. GIDDINGS, showing the sentiments he entertains on the subject of War:

WASHINGTON, January 21, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR: I have long entertained the opinion, that our Navy and Army were a curse to this nation, and am ready, and have been for years, to disband the one and to lay the other up in ordinary. They are both the relics of a barbarous age, unsuited to the day in which we live. Our Army enabled the late President to involve our nation in a war of devastation and rapine unequalled in the history of Christian governments. A war which sent to premature graves at least 80,000 human beings, murdered under authority of law, at an expense of at least One Hundred Millions of Dollars, taken from the pockets of the laboring people of this nation. I shall take pleasure in presenting the petition forwarded. I thank you for the kind expressions respecting my official course contained in your letter.

Very respectfully,

J. B. GIDDINGS.

We are sincerely glad to find that Mr. Giddings cherishes the sentiments disclosed in this letter, and equally glad that he is ready boldly to avow them.

A man calling himself JOHN TYLER has come out with a letter in favor of Clay's Compromise. Can any body tell who he is?

Our Cincinnati Correspondent is entitled to our thanks for forwarding the proceedings of the Old School General Assembly.

We did not at first recognize in the initials appended to the following exquisitely beautiful poem the signature of a writer who, before our connection with The Bugle, frequently honored it as a casket not altogether unworthy of such jewels. We shall hereafter preserve a too vivid recollection of 'C. L. M.' to allow us to question the originality of any thing that may come to us from that source. We hope that, after this atonement, our last week's blunder may be forgiven, and that the writer will contribute more frequently to our columns.—Ed. Bugle.

THE SISTERS--A Contrast.

It was night--calm, glorious, Summer night--on a far-off Southern shore;

Brightly the moon o'er the soft green earth did her silvery radiance pour;

The dew-drops glittered like ocean pearls on the folded and fragrant flowers,

And the breezes sighed with a murmuring sound through the leaves of the forest bowers.

But who of all that glittering train, in yon mansion proud and fair,

Came forth to gaze on the azure sky, or to breathe the balmy air?

Gaily may twinkle the golden stars, brightly may roll the sea,

But they heed it not, that glad some band, mid their joyous revelry.

For whom is all this festive mirth, for whom do the wax-lights glow?

Is it some Brave, from the battle won, with laurels on his brow?

Or is it some wanderer who hath come o'er the blue and rolling main,

From the spicy isles of the golden East, to his childhood's home again?

No, the bright wines flow and the lights blaze free, and the merry dancers whirl,

And pens float on the soft night air, for one fair and fragile girl:

Arrayed in costly robes she stands, on her arms shine jewels rare,

And diamonds flash, like the stars of night, mid her sunny and braided hair.

The music hushes its joyous note, each voice is silent now,

As she stands by her young heart's cherished love, and breathes the solemn vow:

While the priest utters a prayer for them who in faithfulness and truth

Have given each other their plighted troth, in their gladness and guileless youth.

In a lonely hut, all dark and rude, sits a maiden young and fair;

Darkly upon her heaving breast fall her locks of unbound hair;

With her small hands clasped on her throbbing heart as to still its agony;

With a smile of scorn on her thin pale lips, and a dark fire in her eye.

Sometimes she looks through her open door on the waves in their restless flow,

And tosses aside her raven curls, that the breeze may fan her brow;

Sometimes that slight and fragile form on the cold damp earth is thrown,

While there comes from the depths of her inmost heart, a wild despairing moan.

Why sits she there, all sad and lone, when in yonder mansion near

Formed less lovely than hers sit by the wax-light radiance clear?

Why is there not a place for her in those festive halls of pride,

With the light of joy in her clear dark eye, by her youthful sister's side?

Why shines she not in her father's halls, that young and beautiful maid?

Why mingles she not in the courtly dance, in silken robes arrayed,

Dazzling all eyes with her sunny smiles, subduing the proud and brave?

Why! ah! the answer can soon be given--Her mother was a slave!

Both daughters of the same proud sire--one should tread a path of flowers,

Bright and glad some her life shall be as a bird's amid Southern bowers;

Friendship and love shall twine for her a pure and fadeless wreath,

And fond eyes watch by her couch of pain in the fearful hour of death.

But the other! for her is a long dark way of weariness and woe--

No smile of friendship shall cheer her heart, no tears for her grief shall flow;

Like a brute she will toil through her joyless life, like a brute be bought and sold,

For the ruthless white man's unwhalowed love, for the white man's accursed gold.

Gold has been given, and human life, and prayers besiege the throne,

For the widow on the funeral pile, for the babe to the Ganges thrown;

But who will deign to shed one tear for that poor heart-broken slave,

Who crouches where the banners fair of free Columbia wave?

C. L. M.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

There is nothing of special interest in the proceedings of this body since our last. A few more petitions on the subject of Free Suffrage have been presented, and the Convention has resolved, in Committee of the Whole, in favor of biennial sessions of the Legislature. Once in ten years would be better still.

DANIEL WEBSTER, on Monday last, submitted to the Senate a bill amendatory of an act relative to the reclamation of fugitive slaves, which he said he prepared last February, after much deliberation, and which he had altered in no particular since, it was then debated in the Senate. The bill was ordered to be printed.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

Rights of Colored Men to Land in Oregon, &c.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, May 29.

The bill from the Senate providing for the appointment of a Surveyor-General of the Public Lands in Oregon, and donations of lands to actual settlers, elicited an unusually stirring debate in the House to-day. The particular point of discussion was upon the amendment excluding free colored settlers from the lands proposed to be donated. Mr. GIBBINS led off with a bold and truthful speech against the exclusive policy. He alluded, in terms of deserved approbation, to the moral worth as well as intellectual strength of Frederick Douglass and Samuel R. Ward. Having drawn a very striking portrait, he then desired to know on what principle of justice gentlemen proposed to exclude such men from a participation in these land grants. He referred to the free colored population as embracing many who were descended from the fathers of the nation, including even Washington himself. He put a "poser" to the Democrats, who advocated the exclusive policy, by asking with what consistency, not to say gratitude, disciples of Jefferson could consent to keep from Oregon those in whose veins coursed the blood of Thomas Jefferson? There was some sneering and jeering on the Southern side, (as the *Loco* side might be called with injustice to very few members, all things considered) while Mr. GIBBINS was speaking, but nothing like the degree of that sort of feeling once so common. There was, indeed, a remarkable and gratifying spirit of toleration.

But this was too tempting an opportunity, for two or three of the representatives of the Chivalry to lose. CONRAD of Louisiana fired a sneering shot at Mr. GIBBINS's "taste," &c. He complained that he had represented that the Caucasians were inferior to the colored men referred to. Mr. GIBBINS replied that he had admitted that the whites were quite as good as the blacks. Mr. CONRAD opposed the exclusion of the colored settlers, on the ground that the South wanted to have the colored population diffused. What do you suppose he assigned as the reason of this wish? Why, that it was everywhere admitted to be a curse. Of course, then, he is quite willing to diffuse a curse! Butly took the same view as CONRAD, and contended that the course of the Territorial Legislature of Oregon, in excluding free blacks from citizenship, had acted in violation of spirit of the law of their organization as a Territory. In applying the principle of the Anti-Slavery ordinance, Congress did not anticipate that the South would be thus cut off from an outlet for her redundant free black population in that direction, which he alleged to have always been the chief obstacle to Emancipation. To hear him talk, one would really have supposed that the South had assented most graciously to the application of the Proviso principle to the Oregon bill!

But the richest feature of this debate was a speech, in particular reply to Mr. GIBBINS, by Col. McMULLEN of Virginia. He was very personal--so much so that he was called to order by the Chairman, (Mr. STROUSE). He indulged in a number of those polite lingual missiles, whose points have been worn off by his chivalrous predecessors, through frequent use. He complained of a grievous want of gratitude on the part of Mr. GIBBINS, in thus insulting his constituents, after the favor he did him, some time ago, in moving the floor for him, when he appealed to his friends to make that motion. The redoubtable Virginian then launched forth into a stream of grandiloquence, in the midst of which the hammer fell, leaving his last words, the declaration that "he had no doubt the negroes referred to by the gentlemen from Ohio were descendants of the first families of Virginia."--i. e. the "F. F. V.'s." The gallant Colonel sat down, with an evident feeling of self-satisfaction. It is true there was considerable laughter; but he appropriated this to himself, of course, as induced by his wit! I should almost regret to disturb his feelings.

The vote on the insertion of the word "white" stood 68 Yeas to 51 Nays from a thin House.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION AND THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH. At the quarterly annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church of the United States held in the city of Baltimore last week, the question of Slavery and its connection with the Church, was brought up and discussed, amid much excitement. The Executive Committee of the Conference, to whom the subject was referred, reported that they had no jurisdiction over it, but that it was a matter which each annual conference had the right to expound of itself, so that they did not contravene any portion of the Constitution of the Church. The report was adopted by a large majority. The memorial of the Manchester Circuit of Virginia, which was referred to the Executive Committee, and on which the report was based, calls the attention of the Conference to the fact that while it appears that in the 31 Annual Conference, there is a ministerial conference of 1,471, and a membership of 63,305; a comparison with the returns of 1846, shows an increase in four years of only a small fraction over 3,000--not three to each minister within the church, or not four to each one belonging to the traveling connection. This "astounding fact" which "presents an alarming aspect of the state of the Church," the memorialists attribute "to the failure of the church to carry out the principle of Christ's teaching in reference to the down-trodden portion of our race, which principle it has adopted as far as the favored white portion of the church is concerned--to wit, 'all ye are brethren.'"

We are rejoiced to see such an appreciation on the part of the conference of the true reasons which retard the progress of this church, and trust that it will profit by the light which this discussion has thrown upon the subject.--T. N.--*Christian Citizen*.

A writer in the London News proposes that a woman should be made the next laureate, (in place of Wordsworth, deceased,) and mentions Mary Howitt, Mrs. Browning, and Caroline Norton, as worthy of the wreath.

The Paris papers make mention of a black prima donna, a Madame Martinez, of Havana, who creates considerable sensation in the musical circles. She has been the first chamber singer to the Queen of Spain.

The Man Traffic at Washington.

On the 27th ult. a motion was made in the House of Representatives, to suspend the rules in order to enable Mr. CROWELL of Ohio to introduce a bill to abolish the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

This was a test question. The House was not full. The vote stood--yeas 101; nays 62! The North voted in solid column in favor of the motion, with but one exception, and that one voted with the South and in favor of the slave trade in the District of Columbia. This base fellow was JOHN K. MILLER, of Ohio. The South were unanimous in their opposition with the exception of SHEPHERD of North Carolina. He voted aye.

We look upon this Northern vote as a triumph that should cheer every man who is struggling to bring our country up to a proper and proud position. And we long for the day when public sentiment in Ohio will no more tolerate such a contemptible Southern boot-lick as J. K. MILLER, than they would tolerate a highway robber.--True Democrat.

NEW SLAVERY ORGAN AT WASHINGTON.

We observe that the advocates and defenders of Slavery are about to establish a newspaper in the City of Washington, in order to justify to the world the selling of men, women and children as merchandise; also to justify the parting of wives and husbands, parents and children, brothers and sisters, like cattle. What will the world say to such a procedure in the first Republic of the World? What would the Washingtons, Adamses, Jeffersons, Madisons, Hancocks, Pinckneys and Franklins of the Revolution say to such servants in 1776? Would not such advocates of Slavery have then been denounced as traitors to liberty; as Tories, to use with Arnold into exile and disgrace? We shall be pleased to see what can be said for Slavery in this land of Freedom.--Blue Hen's Chicken, Wilmington, Delaware.

News of the Week.

Domestic Intelligence.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH CAVE.--A "hole in the ground" has been discovered and explored, near Madison, the Capital of Wisconsin, which bids fair to rival the great subterranean excavation in Kentucky.

The party who explored the Wisconsin Cave were five days under ground, coming out several miles distant from the place where they went in. The vastness of the cavern, at various places, is described as *impressive* and is supposed to extend under most of the counties of Iowa and Iowa. The party passed over and among large masses and blocks which, on examination, proved to be *hard ore of fine quality*, spreading over a surface of *three miles*--not less than 200,000 tons in sight! They found fine copper ore, and *decayed portions of native silver*. Crystals, stalactites, incrustations, &c., abundant, and water falls and a lake, which was explored in a canoe, and found to be 37 feet deep. Such is the statement of the subterranean explorers, published in the Madison Argus, by Howell Lunney, Esq., the leader of the party.

THE POWER OF WOMAN.--The Board of Examiners met to-day at 10 o'clock to grant Licenses, and to transact other business. We are informed that a number of Ladies of this place, and a few from Hordshead, repeated their annual visit before the Honorable Board, which was ably addressed by Mrs. N. W. Gardiner of this place, and Mrs. Demerest of Hordshead, who advocated their cause with ability, and in a manner, we do not need to say, that made some of the honorable members, who wished to be on both sides of the question, feel rather "uneasy in their boots." No Licenses were granted.--*Elmira N. Y. Republican*.

NEW COINS.--Arrangements are being made at the U. S. Mint for issuing two new coins of the value of 1 and 3 cents respectively. The three cent piece, which is three-fourths silver and one-fourth copper, is little smaller in circumference than a half-cent and about twice the thickness. The new cent is about the size of a dime, with a large hole in the center, ostensibly to give it greater circumference, though this feature will be very convenient, by distinguishing it, in the pocket, from all small silver pieces.

CLEVELAND AND WELLSVILLE RAILROAD.--The Ravenna Whig states that the work on this improvement is progressing very finely. The May estimate, amounting to \$55,055 has just been paid. It is expected to commence putting on the super-structure about the middle of July, at three different points, on the first seventy miles of road south of Cleveland, and to progress at the rate of one mile and a half in a day. The cars are expected to be running from Ravenna to Cleveland by the first of October.

NEGROES WELL PROVIDED FOR.--Mrs. Sabra, relict of the late William Brown, died near Brunswick, in this State, on the 3d inst., aged 74 years. By her will--the *Brunswick* says--sixteen or seventeen slaves are freed and become heirs of the estate and plantation, and in such a way, we learn, that they can never alienate the land. They are respectable blacks.--*St. Louis Rep.* 18th.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE and other similar fraternities are to hold a grand celebration in Boston on the 11th inst. Luxuriations have been based, calls the attention of the Conference to the fact that while it appears that in the 31 Annual Conference, there is a ministerial conference of 1,471, and a membership of 63,305; a comparison with the returns of 1846, shows an increase in four years of only a small fraction over 3,000--not three to each minister within the church, or not four to each one belonging to the traveling connection. This "astounding fact" which "presents an alarming aspect of the state of the Church," the memorialists attribute "to the failure of the church to carry out the principle of Christ's teaching in reference to the down-trodden portion of our race, which principle it has adopted as far as the favored white portion of the church is concerned--to wit, 'all ye are brethren.'"

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Notices.

Western Anti-Slavery Fair.

In the prosecution of every reform, it has been found necessary to employ subordinate means for the accomplishment of the desired end; and amongst these, none have proved more efficient than well-conducted Fairs. The pecuniary results are but a small part of the advantages arising therefrom, though they are often by no means unimportant. Various motives bring together multitudes to attend them, of those opposed to the objects in view, as well as friends to the cause; and thus rare opportunities are afforded for a full, free social discussion of the desired reform, as well as for public addresses in its behalf.

With these facts in view, the undersigned women of Ohio have concluded to hold an Annual Fair in the town of Salem to promote the cause of Anti-Slavery. Every thing in the political world seems to point out the necessity for renewed and untiring exertion in this most holy cause. The distinctions of Whig and Democrat are forgotten in the all-absorbing struggle for the extension of Slavery, and to all appearances the South will obtain every thing she asks. We believe a large part of the People of the North are in favor of Freedom, and that many members of the present Congress were elected with the expectation that they would firmly oppose any extension of the cause of Slavery; but some have proved to be voluntary recreants to their trust, and some have been frightened into submission to the Slave-Power. Let us then dedicate ourselves anew to the Cause of the Slave. Let us keep up agitation until the people shall as one man rise up and demand Universal Emancipation or Exemption from participation in the sin of holding our fellow-beings in bondage. Many of us can do but little. Yet let us not hold back on that account. Some of us are mothers, and though few of us can go forth and speak publicly in behalf of the stricken bondman, we may yet, by contributing our pittance in this way, by mingling with our neighbours, and pleading as our maternal feelings shall dictate for the stricken mother in the South, and instilling into the minds of those committed to our care an undying abhorrence of injustice and wrong. We may, like the drops of rain, which, singly are unnoticed and insignificant, by uniting, change and invigorate the aspect of the whole world.

We propose holding a Fair, commencing the 31st of December, and continuing through the following day; and we would earnestly invite all persons, without respect to party or creed, to lend their aid by sending such contributions as they can make or procure. The funds arising therefrom to be devoted to the dissemination of Anti-Slavery Truth, through the agency of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

SALLIE B. GOVE, M. A. W. JOHNSON, RACHEL TRESCOTT, JANE TRESCOTT, MARIA T. SHAW, LYDIA SHARP, LAURA BARNABY, SARAH N. McMILLAN, ANN PEARSON, M. T. HARRIS, MARGARET HISE, MARY HARRIS, MARY ALFRED, RUTH ANNA TRESCOTT, ELIZABETH DICKINSON, MARY HALLOWAY, HARRIET DICKINSON, AMANDA GILLIS.

Notice.

JOSEPH A. and RUTH DUGDALE'S Post Office address, until the first of Fifth month, will be Brownsville, Pa.; after that, until the first of Eighth month, Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa.

Saddle for Sale.

FOR Sale, very cheap, a SADDLE, almost new. English tree. Will be sold in exchange for produce. Inquire of Oliver Johnson, at Howell Hise's.

DR. CHARLES MUNDE'S WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT, AT NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

THIS Establishment is situated at Bensonville, on the west bank of Mill River, two and a half miles from the Northampton Rail Road Depot, seven hours' ride from New York, about five from Boston, and five from Albany, in one of the pleasantest valleys of New-England, surrounded with wood-grown hills, with shady walks, and abundantly supplied with the purest, softest, and coldest granite water. The air is pure and healthy, and the climate mild and agreeable. The new and spacious buildings offer all the conveniences for water-cure purposes, such as large plunge baths, douches, and airy lodging rooms for about fifty patients, separate for either sex; a gymnasium, piano, &c. The Doctor, being the earliest disciple of Priessnitz now living, and having an experience of more than fifteen years of his own, (his writings on Water-Cure being in the hands of every European hydropath), hopes to respond to any reasonable expectations from the Water-Cure System, made on the part of those sufferers who may confide themselves to him. He, as well as his wife and family, will exert themselves to ensure to their patients every comfort compatible with the chief purpose of their residence in the establishment.

Persons desirous of following a course of treatment, should provide themselves with two or three woolen blankets, two comfortable linen sheets, some towels, some old linen, and a couple of pillow cases. In case of need, these objects may be procured in the establishment.

Patients are requested to apply to the Doctor either personally or by letter, under the above address, giving a full statement of their case, and the result of their former treatment.

TERMS: For board and treatment, \$10 per week. Ladies and gentlemen accompanying patients, \$5 per week. Treatment out of doors, without board, \$5 per week. To patients occupying attic rooms, or one room patients occupying attic rooms, a reasonable allowance with another person, a reasonable allowance will be made. Payment is expected every week. Patients who stay only part of a week in the establishment, are expected to pay the price of a full week.

Letters including a reasonable fee, will be properly attended to. A moderate charge will be made for consultations.

CHARLES MUNDE, M. D.

May, 1850.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, Summer Cloths, &c. &c.

THE subscriber has on hand at his store one door West of the Salem Bookstore, Salem, O., a general assortment of Materials for Men's Clothing, which he will be glad to make up to order, or sell by the yard, to those who may want them.

Also a good supply of READY MADE CLOTHING, such as Coats, Vests, Pantalons, Shirts, Collars, Bosoms, Cravats, &c. &c.

Every exertion will be made to furnish those who may purchase the "ready made" or leave their measure and orders, the right kind of garments at the right kind of prices.

JAMES BARNABY.
Salem, June 1st, 1850.
N. B. TAILORING BUSINESS in all its branches carried on as heretofore. J. B.

SEWING SILK.

MERCHANTS, Pedlars and others can obtain a good supply of a very superior quality of SEWING SILK, of all degrees and colors, either in packages or 100 Skein Bundles by calling at the SALEM BOOKSTORE, Salem, Ohio. Also PATENT THREADED, Warranted as good and as cheap as the country can produce.

We are in the constant receipt of these articles, and for cash will sell them as above stated at the very lowest rates possible.

BARNABY & WHINERY.

June 1, 1850.

"Pro Bono Publico."

AARON DAY.

The Original Barber in this Place.

RESPECTFULLY invites the citizens of Salem to call, as he will be on hand one door West of Fawcett & Johnson's store, ready and willing to wait upon all who will give him a call. No man coming into his shop shall go away dissatisfied. Come--crawl up, tumble up, kick up, and any way to get up. [may 18.]

BOWDITCH'S WORK.

FOR sale at the Salem Book Store "SLAVERY AND THE CONSTITUTION," By Wm. L. Bowditch. A most excellent work that ought to be read by all--156 svs. pages--paper bound. The subjects treated are

Miscellaneous.

The Father's Mistake.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

I desire to narrate to you a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend and correspondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who has any sympathy with, or affection for, their children. That it is entirely true, you may be well assured. I was convinced of this when I opened the letter from L. H. B., which announced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me.

A few weeks before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from his birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was but a boy, and "boys will be boys," and we ought more frequently to think that it is their nature to be. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a "boy-man!" But to the story.

One evening this unhappy father came home, wearied with a long day's hard labor and vexed at some little disappointment which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said:

"Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright; he is covered from head to foot with dark mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat."

"Where is he?" asked the father, sternly.

"He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come up here, when the girl told him you had come home."

"Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant," was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half-perished with fright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning as the penalty for his offence, and, in a harsh voice, concluded with—

"Now, sir, go to your bed!"

"But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you—"

"Not a word, sir; go to bed!"

"I only wanted to say, father, that—"

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, without other speech, again close the door of explanation or expostulation.

When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared; and, at ten-table, ate but little. His wife saw the real cause or the additional cause of his emotion, and interposed the remark—

"Think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all, if he does sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was."

And therewithal the water stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in "the house of the Interpreter," as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea, the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bed-room where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. He crept to his low cot and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son; he felt also the "sense of duty;" yet in the night, talking the matter over with the lady's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to that poor child in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever on his brain, and wild with delirium. In 48 hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterward the undertaker came with a little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lady, "when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, Henry, and Charles Munford, and I; and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf; and Charles got out on it to get a fish line and hook that hung over where the water was deep; and the first thing we saw, he had slipped off, and was struggling in the water! Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, after a great deal of hard work, got Charles out; and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery; and then I helped them to climb up

the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it for, if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry; and, all the way going home, he kept saying—

"What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf!"

"Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved father; "and this was the explanation which I cruelly refused to hear!" and hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes, that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unthought severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson sink deep into the hearts of every parent who shall peruse this sketch:

"Everything that I now see, that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday, I found some rude pencil-sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object, is now 'most precious to me.' And every morning and evening, I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his playmates."

"All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot—though I have often tried—I cannot recall any other expression of the dear boy's face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repelled him. Then my heart bleeds afresh!"

"Oh, how careful should we all be that, in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the tender, earnest of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime!"

"Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion nor of physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature."

I will add no word to reflections so true; no correlative incident to an experience so touching.

From the Living Age.
The Lesson.

Of all delusions which beset the heart,
None are so utter, none so wholly vain,
As that which lures us, with beguiling art,
To hope that love may buy back love again!

So did my sickening soul complain to-day—
I walked so sad, so lonely on my way!
I asked of all I met
A little sympathy;

Some said, "Not yet!"
Some smiled for all reply;
Some hurried heedless by;
Others looked scornfully—
As if aught so absurd
Their ears had never heard,

As human soul on human brother calling!
As human eye for human help appealing!
Weakness entreating to be saved from falling,
Pain praying for a little balm for healing!

Dark was my spirit—dark within—without me—
Life pressed upon me with a heavy hand!
Time's mysteries were close and cold about me,
Vainly I strove to trust or understand;

When suddenly a voice,
That made my soul rejoice,
Said in my listening ear,
In accents very clear,

"Friend! be thou of good cheer,
Review thy lot again,
And tell me—does the pain
Exceed the joy and pleasure?"

Hast thou with upright measure
Weighed one against the other?
Why lookest thou at thy brother?
See rather if thy heart

Withholdeth any part
Of what is in thy keeping
To save his eye from weeping,
His faltering step to steady;

Or if thou hast given bread
To the hungry and unfed;
Striving to extend thy light
To the dark eyes craving sight—
Uttering hopeful words of cheer
In the mourner's heavy car!

Aught of grief thou mightest have soothed,
Aught of roughness left unsmoothed,
Aught of weight thou mightest have moved—
Each or all these left undone,
O thou sad repining one!

Very clearly might have shown
How the grief, the pain, the smart,
Came to sanctify thy heart;
Came to turn thy eyes within
To thy own besetting sin.

Now the pain hath set thee right,
Turn thee ever to the light—
Never let the shadow fall
Forwards from thyself at all.
Add this lesson to thy store,
Go in peace and sin no more."

It is curious how little we prize those whom we love best. We are shy about it, as though we were speaking of ourselves; a tone, a look, the mere presence of some unaccountable restraint of manner—these are indications enough for those who are intended to read them, and bystanders may think it all as cold as they like. Our choicest gifts are not for the world to scrutinize; we put them quickly, and with averted eyes, into the hand that is stretched out to receive them.—*Story of a Family.*

ONE may have an immense quantity of pleasure in spite both of one's own faults and of other people's.—*Story of a Family.*

The Value of Birds.

BY HENRY WALD REECHER.

SPORTSMEN, BEWARE.—The last Legislature enacted that it shall not be lawful in the State of New Jersey for any person to shoot, or in any other manner to kill or destroy, except upon his own premises, any of the following description of birds: the night or mosquito hawk, chimney swallow, martin or swift, whip-poorwill, cuckoo, kingbird or bee martin, woodpecker, clasp or highhole, catbird, wren, bluebird, meadow lark, brown thrasher, dove, fire-bird or summer redbird, hanging bird, ground robin or chickadee, bobolink or rice bird, robin, snow or chipping bird, blue jay, and the small owl. The penalty is five dollars for each offense, or for the destruction of the eggs of such birds.—*Tribune.*

What a bird good for? What dainty sentimentalism has set a stupid Legislature at such enactments? Not so fast. Although we should greatly respect a legislature that had the humanity to think of birds among other constituent bipeds, yet experience has taught farmers and gardeners the economic value of birds.

There are no such indefatigable entomologists as birds. Audubon and Wilson never hunted for specimen birds with the perseverance that birds themselves exhibit in their researches. They depasture the air, penetrate every nook and corner of thicket, hedge and shrubbery, they search the bark, pierce the dead wood, glean the surface of the soil, watch for the spade-trench, and follow the furrow after worms and larvae. A single bird in one season destroys millions of insects for its own food and for that of its nest.

No computation can be made of the insects which birds devour. We do not think of another scene more inspiring than the plowing season, in this respect. Bluebirds are in the tops of trees practicing the scales, crows are cawing as they lazily swing through the air toward their companions in the tops of distant dead and dry trees; robins and blackbirds are wide awake, searching every clod that the plow turns, and venturesome almost to the farmer's heels. Even boys relent, and seem touched by the birds' appeal to their confidence, and until small fruits come, spare the birds. Bobolinks begin to appear, the lullion among birds, and half sing and half faze. How our young blood sparkled amid such scenes, we could not tell why; neither why we cried without sorrow or laughed without mirth, but only from a vague sympathy with that which was beautiful and joyous.

Were there ever such nest scavengers?—Were there ever such nimble hunters?—Were there ever such adroit butchers? No. Graciously scruples to agitate this seed-loving and bug-loving tribe. They do not show their teeth to prove that they were designed for meat. They eat what they like, wipe their mouths on a limb, return thanks in a song, and wing away to a quiet nook to loze or meditate, song from the hawk that spheres about far up in the ether. To be sure, birds, like men, have a relish for variety. There are no better pomologists. If we believed in transmigration we should be sure that our distinguished fruit culturists could be traced home. Longworth was a brown-thrasher; Downing a lark, sometimes in the dew and sometimes just below the sun; Thomas was a plain and sensible robin; junior Prince was a bobolink, irreverently called skunk-blackbird; Ernst a dove; Parsons a woodpecker; Wilder a king-bird. We could put our finger, too, upon the human blackbird, wren, bluebird, and small owl—but prudence forbids; as it also does the mention of a certain clerical mocking-bird that makes game of his betters!

But we wander from the point. We charge every man with positive dishonesty who drives birds from his garden in fruit-time.—The fruit is theirs as well as yours. They took care of it as much as you did. If they had not eaten egg, worm and bug, your fruit would have been pierced and ruined. They only come for wages. No honest man will cheat a bird of his spring and summer's work.—*Independent.*

A Funeral of the Olden Time.

Many years since, a citizen of Danvers, Mass., being bereft of his father, journeyed to a small town in New Hampshire, in order to attend the funeral of his parent, and on arriving at the former residence of the deceased, found it thronged with relatives and friends, who were in a state of mind, the reverse of what he naturally expected; in quite a happy mood.

In a short time after his arrival, the funeral procession began to move. At the head of it, were four of the most respectable citizens, who acted the part of pall-bearers;—and four others equally respectable, to relieve them, when they should become fatigued. At the side of the pall-bearers, was a man with a large pile of N. E. Rum, in which was a tumbler, from which, as often as they changed the bear, they drank freely.

During the passage of the procession from the house to the grave, and from that back to the house, they drank six glasses each.

On the arrival back, the mourners, and others who were present, were treated from the bucket, to as much Rum as they chose to drink; the minister, men, women, and even children partook. After they had become spiritually enlightened, they sat down to a very plentiful and refreshing repast suitable to the comforting of their physical nature; and by the time they had finished this, the most of them were in a state of intoxication. How could they help being so, when they had consumed one full barrel of hard N. E. Rum, in the space of less time than four hours!

This is the way persons sometimes used to show respect for the dead.

The Correspondence of those we love is a poor substitute for their company; one look is better than a thousand words. The man who said that language was invented to disguise thought stumbled upon a truth when he only meant a sarcasm; for, indeed, how dense a veil do the simplest words weave around the feeling which they profess to exhibit! Words are the clouds which gild or upon the mountain's side, and suggest the light while they conceal the form; looks and tones are the bright flashes which clear the vapor, and give a momentary glimpse of the mighty outline beneath it.—*Story of a Family.*

The Cambridge Chronicle, in recommending early rising and walking, says:—"Morning interviews with Nature are delightful?" "Joseph, when you kindle the fire to-morrow, open the window, so if nature wants an interview, she may come in and have it."

Jaffar.

Inscribed to the Memory of Shelly.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

JAFFAR, the Brameide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer—
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust,
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondoor.—Ho, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief,
(For his great heart wanted a great relief.)
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harranged the tremblers at the cimeter
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man!" the Caliph cried.
The man
Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes
Began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!"
cried he.

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me—loved me—put on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deign'd to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great,
And said, "Let wrath grow frenzied, if it will;
The Caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet
His star,
Exclaim'd, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

THE MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS AT STRATFORD.—A writer in the Syracuse Star, of the 6th inst., says:

These knockings have at last found their way to Syracuse, and still more wonderful, exciting and astonishing demonstrations have been witnessed, than have heretofore been made known to the public. Mysterious appearances, most surprising and thrilling, are added to the catalogue of wonders. The scene of action is at a house in the southern part of the city, occupied by a highly respectable family, consisting of six persons—man and wife, son and three daughters.

The daughters are mere children, and the son is but 10 or 12 years of age. In addition to conversational with spirits of the departed—rappings, signifying the age of any individual—commanding the thoughts of persons at a distance—the playing of guitars, pianos and other instruments, by unseen hands—and the thousand other things reported to have been heretofore done—it is said that at this house chairs, tables and other articles, at certain times are made to walk or fly of their own accord from one part of the room to the other, and from one story to the other. The letters of the alphabet, made of wood and arranged in order, are suspended by strings on a wall in the house, and in answer to a question, the rapping is heard, and those letters spelling the answer are seen to move in consecutive order.

In converse with departed spirits, or in reading the thoughts of absent friends, one's mind is required to be intently fixed upon the departed spirit or absent friend, and questions put in a low whisper immediately succeeding which a rapping is heard, and at each rap a word of the answer appears in writing on white paper, to be held in the hand. Likewise, of individuals whose names are called, are made to be seen, but during the appearance incessant rappings are kept up. Music is heard, sounding as requested, either as if in the room or at a great distance—either as if by a choir or band, or as a single voice or instrument.

In the dead of night, the knockings are sometimes loud enough to wake one from sleep, and then strange lights are seen to shoot through the rooms in zigzag directions. These are but a few of the very astounding and mysterious things witnessed by myself and others at this house within the last three days—so that it can with truth be said "that knocking" humbug, let it be what it may, has made an abiding place in this city.

The Sower to his Seed.

SIX, little seed, in the earth's black mould,
Sink in your grave, so wet and so cold—
There must you lie;
Earth I throw over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light comes not nigh.

What grief you'd tell, if words you could say!
What grief make known for the loss of the day;
Sadly you'd speak:
"Lie here must I ever?
Will the sunlight never
My dark grave seek?"

Have faith, little seed; soon yet again
Thou'll rise from the grave where thou art lain;
Thou'lt be so fair,
With the green shades so light,
And thy flowers so bright,
Waving in air.

So must we sink in the earth's black mould;
Sink in the grave so wet and so cold:
There must we stay,
Till at last we shall see
Time turn to eternity,
Darkness to day.

GREAT SALE OF HUMAN BEINGS.—The United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Louisiana advertised to sell at Public Sale in New Orleans on the 20th ult. FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE SLAVES, of both sexes and all ages, from infants to old age. Among the number is one old man called Sampson, aged 111 years.

Agents for the Bugle.

OHIO.

New Garden—D. L. Galbreath and I. Johnson.
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Cool Springs—Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes.
Marble—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield—John Wetmore.
Lowellville—John Bissell.
Youngstown—J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme—Marsena Miller.
Selma—Thomas Swayne.
Springboro—Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg—V. Nicholson.
Oakland—Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls—S. Dickerson.
Columbus—W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown—Ruth Corpe.
Bundysburg—Alex. Glenn.
Farmington—Willard Curtis.
Bath—J. B. Lambert.
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Wilkesville—Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington—Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union—Joseph Barnaby.
Marta—Wm. Cope.
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Lodi—Dr. Still.
Chester 2d Road—Adam Sanders.
Painesville—F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills—Isaac Russell.
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Hartford—G. W. Bushnell and W. J. Bright.
Garrettsville—A. Joiner.
Ansover—A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Auburn—A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine—Simon Shecta.
Granger—L. S. Spees.

PENNYSYLVANIA.

Pittsburgh—H. Vashon.
Newberry—J. M. Morris.
INDIANA.

Winchester—Clarkson Puckett.
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